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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Easter.

Upon this lovely Easter morn.
A hope within my breast is born.
I know my Lord is here again;
I feel my soul is freed from pain;
Why stand I at His tomb so long,
Unheeding the angelic song—
"Fear not; He is not here, He lives;
To all who ask His love forgives.
He will not leave you comfortless;
He comes again to cheer and bless
Beside the lake in Galilee;
Arise, go forth, He calleth thee!"
Then leave the tomb, my soul, 'tis day;
The clouds of sin have rolled away;
Go forth to live, to bless, to cheer,
Assured in heart that He is near;
Thy prayer His words "Thy will be done."
At last, the goal—heaven—is won!

An Easter Song.

Still the train did not start.
Five—ten minutes went by slowly,
and then, in despair, the solitary
figure on the back seat of the stuffy
little car got to its feet and moved
with stately grace down the aisle to
the platform outside. The rain was
falling steadily, forlornly. The
dim little lamps of the tiny station
blinked palely through the mist.

The graceful little figure ran
against something looming up big
and wet. The voice that went with
it was big and looming, too.

"Pardon—oh! it's you, ma'am.
I was just on my way to tell you it
ain't no go—not to-night. Freight
knocked into kindling wood down
the line a piece. It's kinder too
bad, but it's one of them cases where
you have to submit. I've been making
inquiries and there's a place to
put up—"

The lady interrupted him with a
sharp note of remonstrance.

"But I must go on!" she cried;
"I must! It's a matter of honor for
me to be in Brewer City when the
church bells ring to-morrow morn-
ing. Oh, why did I try to cut
across by this miserable little line?"

It was an uncontrollable little will
of despair that ended as sharply as
it began. Instantly the slender
figure straightened, and by the dim
glare of a passing bull's eye the
beautiful face regained its composure.
The voice that began again
was steady and dignified.

"And the good place to put up?"
If you will be so kind as to show me
the way," it said calmly.

"Well, I guess! That's talkin'!
You give me your traps, an' you
jest foller along. It's up street a
little piece."

His other remarks were cut into
crisp sentences and flung over his
shoulder as he strode ahead.

"Pass'nage. Station feller, he
direct me. Pa's on all right.
Rins the town. You'll have to
stan' it over Sunday. We'll go on
a Monday morning, sure."

"A-Monday mornin'!" But
"a-Monday mornin'" wouldn't do.
There was no use "goin' on"
Monday—it was to-morrow morning.
It was Easter morning when the
church bells ring, that she must be
in Brewer City. Hadn't she given
her word to be there?

"Oh, dear!" groaned the lady,
softly as she hurried through the
rain after the big looming brakeman.
Then suddenly there was a
flash of light in her face. The big
figure was standing still in front of
a bit of a house, and a glow of soft
red light was shining out over them
both.

"Pass'nage," explained the man,
cheerily. "Now you're fixed. Good-
night, ma'am; I've got to be gettin'
back."

It was Daniel Grier who came to
the door. His little pale wife, Margaret,
was putting the children to
bed. The warm red light made a
kind of halo round the lean shabby
figure.

"I have been detained here by an
accident—a freight train has been
wrecked. They told me you would
be here."

"Yes, yes," cried Daniel Grier,
in his hearty, welcoming voice;
"they told you just right. Come
right in and get dry and warm.
Margaret will be down soon. We
are glad to have you come to us."

He was holding her wet, cold
hands, into the bright little hall.

The lady in the rich clothes, with
the beautiful cultured face, had
never been in such a tiny hall before
—nor in a brighter one. The quaint
pictures of prophets and saints on
the narrow spaces of wall, and the
breadth of worn carpet running like
a straight and narrow pathway the

length of the hall, were new to her.
She followed the minister into a little
room, bright, too, and shabby with
the finger prints of poverty. It
was full of the signs of little children.
A picture book lay on the floor, a
tiny dress hung over a chair, and
under her feet a little broken horse
reared a maneless head, and stared
unblinkingly up at her. It remind-
ed her, in spite of its humble aspect,
of another, smarter, finer horse.
There is a family resemblance in all
the wooden horses in the world, it
would seem.

"Margaret will be down soon. It
is bath night, you know, and there
are so many little ones! There are
five, all told, or there were at the
last census," laughed the minister.

He held out his hand for her wet
wraps and waited on her as deftly as
a woman. All the while he was talk-
ing pleasantly. The stranger had an
instinctive feeling that he had been
upstairs with Margaret helping wash
the little children before she came.
His, thin, white hands had the shiny
look that comes of very recent con-
tact with soapy water, and there was
that about his whole benign presence
that suggested at once familiarity
with motherwork. It scarcely sur-
prised the stranger when he took up
the little dress and began to sew on
buttons. But she was surprised at
the skill and dexterity he displayed
in the housewifely task.

"They do come off so!" he smiled,
and Margaret can't keep up with
"em all. I take a hand now and
then myself—when Margaret doesn't
know! I learned to sew on buttons
before I learned to preach." He
looked up with a whimsical, wistful
face, and added simply. "I haven't
learned that yet."

Overhead sounded the incessant
pad, pad of little bare feet, and now
and then a subdued shriek of laugh-
ter. Somebody coughed hoarsely.
The minister's face sobered instantly.
"Margaret's got another of her
colds," he said, with the pang of
keen anxiety in his voice. "I don't
tell her, but it's a continual worry to
me when she coughs like that. Her
folks had consump—weak lungs."

The grim word slipped back, half-
spoken. Daniel Grier could not bear
to speak it.

A little later the strange lady lay
sung and warm in the little "spare
room" opening off from the sitting-
room. A narrow shaft of light
shone in upon her.

"I'll leave the door open a little
mite, for ventilation, if you don't
mind," Margaret had said. "You
see, it's such a little room, and the
window's too close to the head of
the bed to open. You needn't
mind about Daniel—he'll sit round
back to."

The stranger did not mind about
Daniel. She lay drowsily listening
to the low hum of his deep voice
until, for very comfort, she fell
asleep. When she awoke half an
hour later the voices were like parts
of a queer dream—she listened half
unconsciously. It was Margaret
speaking—she knew it was Margaret
talking with her husband.

"I'm going to try just once more,
Daniel, just once. I don't think it
will disturb her, and I can't give it
up! To think how we planned it
all so carefully! And I'd practiced
and practiced it so faithfully—I
can't give it up—no, I can't, Daniel!"

Then presently there was the soft
sound of chords on a little weak-
throated organ, and then Margaret's
voice again, singing. It started in
bravely, and the thin, sweet notes of
an Easter anthem floated into the
stranger's ears. She smiled to her-
self in the dark. The notes were so
thin and so weak!

"Splendid, Margaret, you're do-
ing finely! You can sing it, after
all, Daniel cried, softly.

But at the very moment of its
triumph the slender, sweet thread of
voice broke hoarsely. Margaret
buried her face in her hands and
coughed.

"There, there, little—there,
there!" murmured the big, deep
voice, comfortingly. "Never mind
about the mornin's Easter hymn.
The congregation can sing 'The Lord
is risen indeed'—Margaret, Margaret
you mustn't cry! There, there, little
one—you ought not to have tried.
It was the singing made you cough."

"But I can't give it up, Daniel!
I wanted an Easter anthem so, to go
with your sermon. We need it—
every other church will celebrate

Easter Sunday to-morrow, and we
haven't even any lilies. I could
give up singing the anthem if only
we had lilies."

The "drama" in the bit of a
spare-room had grown real enough.
The stranger was sitting up in bed
peering toward the shaft of lamp-
light earnestly. She had heard the
whole story plainly. There was to
have been an especial celebration of
Easter day in the bit of a country
church somewhere out in the darkness
and rain. Margaret was to have sung
in her thin, little voice, an Easter
song, and the minister had set his
Easter sermon to its simple tune.
They had planned the whole little
service together—it meant so much
to them.

The stranger could close her eyes
and see the minister's pew in the lit-
tle bare church—she had never been
in the little, bare church, but she
could see it now—with its row of lit-
tle heads tapering down to the foot.
She could see the minister's rapt,
earnest face and Margaret's face was
wistful and grieved. She would try
to join in "The Lord is risen indeed,"
but it would be no use.

There were two visions before the
stranger's eyes, as she sat against the
pillows in the dark. The other one
was of a magnificent, great church,
dim and grand, and of rows upon
rows of waiting faces—a sea of faces.
The mighty swell and peal of a great
organ rang through the vision, and
then, soft at first and clear and
triumphant and glorious as it went
on, a beautiful voice sang an Easter
song.

The words of the song and the
music sang themselves in her ears—
she knew them so well! A thrill of
pride fluttered into life—it pleased
her that the sea of waiting faces
would glow with admiration of the
wonderful, sweet voice. In spite of
herself she thrilled with triumph.
Had they not sent for her so far—
for her to sing their Easter song?
There was no one else they wanted
—no one but her. Money had no
weight. They had money enough
even to end for her.

But now—oh, now, who would
sing the great Easter song to them?
The big, fine church was far away
out of her reach. There was nothing
in reach but a shabby little parson-
age, and somebody out in the other
room trying to pipe a weak, little
anthem—and rain, rain, rain. The
drip of it on the window sounded on
drearily. With a long sigh the
stranger sank back on the pillows
and closed her eyes. The two vi-
sions jostled each other and made a
discord. She tried to put them
away from her. But they stayed—it
was the humble little vision that
stayed the longer.

"Don't think any more about it,
Margaret. It will be Easter without
the lilies and the anthem. It will be
the Resurrection day, dear," Daniel
Grier said, gently.

"Yes, Daniel," answered the pa-
tient Margaret. And then the shaft
of light went out and the little
parsonage settled down to quiet.

Easter dawned clear and radiant.
The rain had washed the world of all
its stain, and made it fit for the Lord's
rising to be kept in it. In the trees,
among the rain drops and the new
green buds, the birds were singing
Easter anthems. Outside the bit of a
spare-room the stranger-guest could
hear oddly blended and harmonious
with the bird songs, the constant
chatter of little voices. She smiled
to herself, thinking of a little voice
at home.

The little congregation gathered
and the stranger in a thin stream
at the door of the small brown church.
The Easter calm was in all the plain
faces. At the last moment the
stranger had whispered something
to Margaret, and her face was shin-
ing with joy.

That day the little church had its
fill of melody. For suddenly, after
the hush of the minister's prayer, a
wonderful voice rose softly, and grew
into magnificent volume as it sang of
Christ who was risen. It pealed
through the church and rose and fell
on the listening, wondering ears, as
it were a choir of holy ones who sang.
In all the churches in the land there
was no Easter song more beautiful.

And Margaret, at the end of the
row of little heads, sat and listened
in happy awe. Her face was uplift-
ed to Daniel's face above her, in the
pulpit. They heard the Easter music
together, and together they were sat-
isfied. The singer singing of Christ

who was risen, was satisfied, too. It
was Margaret and the lean, little min-
ister, and the row of little heads she
was singing to—they were her "sea
of faces;" and she was satisfied.—
Wellspring.

A Homely Easter Offering

There never was a girl who had so
much misfortune—

"What in the world is the matter?"
interrupted grandma, looking at
Pauline's forlorn face. "Not half
an hour ago I saw a young lady,
with smiling face, hurrying off with
a basket, and now she looks ready
to cry."

"And she would cry, if she were
not too big. I'd like to be about
three for a few minutes, for a good
weep might relieve my feelings," said
Pauline.

"Crying over spilt milk does no
good," said grandma, wisely. "The
thing to do is to remedy the matter."

"But this is past mending. I
went to see Grace this morning, and
she was coloring eggs for a lot of
poor children, so I thought I'd do
something for Easter, too. I went
to the greenhouse for some flowers
for poor Addie Ray—you know she
has been sick so long—and they
were all engaged for the churches.
Then I came back and hunted
through the stores for Easter cards,
but there were none, except the
highest-priced ones, so I gave that
up. If I had ordered either flowers
or cards earlier, I'd have had no
trouble; but I never think of any-
thing till it's too late."

"Is that all, Pauline? I'll tell
you what to do. Run down to the
grocery for some eggs, and we'll
color them for the children at the
Orphans' Home. There will be
plenty of time to send them by the
evening express, if we hurry."

"I've got eggs, but they won't do
us any good. That's what I was
carrying the big basket for a little
while ago. It's a wonder I didn't
drop it and smash all the eggs on
my way home. Nell and Lura met
me just outside the door of the gro-
cery, on their way to the express
office with a basket of colored eggs
for the Home, and I didn't have
courage to take my basketful back
and ask for the money. Now, I'm
left with all those eggs and no one to
give them to."

"That is too bad," admitted grand-
ma, thoughtfully. "Let me think a
minute. Maybe we can devise some
plan to make the eggs do duty as an
Easter offering."

"I think I'll take them around to
the Widow Brown's and be rid of
them. Next year I'll begin in time,
if I don't forget when Easter is. It
always gives me a melancholy feeling
to think everybody else can make and
carry out lovely plans, but me."

"The very thing! But don't
give them all to Mrs. Brown. I'll
send down to the meat market for a
big ham, and we'll pack a dozen or
more Easter breakfasts, and send
them among the poor people we
know."

"That seems like such a homely
Easter offering. I don't believe
even poor people care for things to
eat at Easter. It seems more a time
for beauty, and light, than common
things."

"Yes, I know, dear; but if you
had only the poorest food, you
would appreciate good things when-
ever they came."

Pauline went once more to the
market and was followed by a boy
bringing a fine ham when she re-
turned. "I suppose somebody has
been to all the folks we want to give
breakfasts to long before this," she
said, laughingly, for her usual good
nature had asserted itself again, and
she could see the humorous side of
the day's adventures.

"Then they will have two break-
fasts," said grandma, firmly, as she
cut big slices of meat. "No, not in
those old baskets, child. I have
some clean boxes, and we will put
our offerings up neatly."

"I didn't suppose it made any
difference. The baskets are clean,
and easily carried."

But Pauline soon found it did
make a difference. When her
grandma wrapped the meat in oiled
paper and arranged the white eggs
carefully around it, the young girl
exclaimed with pleasure, "Do you
think I can fix one like that?" she
asked, eagerly.

"Of course you can. This isn't
finished yet. Can you think what
it lacks?"

"No," said Pauline, slowly, "un-
less it is a pretty card, or a spray of
flowers."

"That is right. You may pick
the hyacinths in my window-garden,
when we have the boxes all packed,
and we will put one in each, with
some green leaves. Do you think
it will be homely then?"

Before the last box was filled,
Pauline thought of a box of old
Easter cards, put away since her
childhood days, upstairs, that would
do nicely and grandma added a piece
of silver to each, tied up with a bit
of bright ribbon. Mrs. Ford hap-
pened to come into the kitchen, and
insisted on giving a candy egg for
each box as her offering.

"If we don't soon start out
delivering them, we can't put the
covers on," said grandma, as the
gay candy things were tucked into
corners."

"Then we'll get longer ones,"
said Pauline. "I wish some one else
would happen along with some offer-
ings."

But that was the last, and the
covers fitted perfectly. Pauline with
a last whiff of the fragrant flowers,
started out in the soft grey twilight
to deliver them. She put the boxes
close to the doors, knocked loudly
and hurried away before any one saw
her. The stamp-lamps had not been
turned on, so it was easy to slip off
in the gloom. Four times she had
to go home for more packages, but
the more she gave the more she
wanted to, and it was with real re-
gret that she deposited that last one
and went slowly home.

"I could find places for a dozen
more," she said aloud. "I wonder
why I never thought of this before?"

"Who are you talking to?"
demanded Fred Strong, looking all
around. "I don't see a soul, and
yet you are holding a conversation
with some one. Is it because you
like to hear a sensible girl talk, or
what is the meaning of this? Ex-
plain, young lady!"

"Nonsense," said Pauline, turn-
ing red. "Maybe I did forget and
thought out loud, as the children
say, but I don't need to explain."

"Oh, yes, you do. I'll put it in
the paper that you were walking
home in the twilight, conversing
with an invisible person, and people
will take you for a witch, if you
don't tell me what you were talking
about."

"I don't see what good it will
do you to know, but it's no secret.
I have been out taking some eggs to
poor people, or their Easter break-
fasts, and I thought of those I didn't
have any for. Perhaps I was think-
ing deeply, and said something
aloud, though I did it unconscien-
tiously. Now, do you feel easier, tease?"

"Of course I do. I'm sure your
mind is not affected, and you won't
be hanged for witchcraft. Do you
know, Pauline, you really frighten-
ed me, coming up so suddenly?"
and the young man tried to keep a
smile from his face.

"I'd advise you to stay in till the
lamps are lit, then," laughed Paul-
ine. "If you are timid, I will walk
to your house with you."

"Never mind. We are going to
the grocery now. If it is past seven
when we get through, I'll ask a
policeman to take us both home."

"What are you going to the
grocery for? I must go home."

"We'll stop and tell your mother
as we pass the house, where we are
going. You are to pick out some
supplies for those poor people you
were talking in your sleep about,
and I am to pay for them."

"I was as much awake as you,
Fred Strong. If you mention that
again, I won't go with you. Yes,
I will too, for I want Mrs. Green
and old Mrs. Lake to have some ham
and eggs for tomorrow and my
purse is empty."

In a very short time a number of
parcels had been dispatched to the
people Pauline mentioned, and Fred's
purse was lighter by several dollars.

"I meant to give it to the collection
tomorrow, but I can find something
for that, too," he said, "I am glad I
heard you talking to yourself, Paul-
ine."

I'm glad, too, though at first it
provoked me very much. It seems
everything I undertook today start-
ed out badly and ended up well.
Thanks to you and grandma, all
those poor folks will have a good
breakfast tomorrow. When she
first spoke of giving ham and eggs
for an Easter offering, I thought it

seemed almost a sacrilege, but I
guess it is not the gift that counts
so much as the spirit in which you
give it.

I suppose that's it. You know
the Bible speaks of being rewarded
for giving a cup of cold water, and
I don't believe any sacrifice we make
is counted too small to be noticed by
our Father," said Fred, reverently.

"What do you think, girls?" said
Belle Strong, on the way home from
church next day. "Old Mrs. Brown
came over to see if mother had sent
her an Easter box this morning, but
we knew nothing about it. It was
the nicest thing you ever saw in
the way of an offering to a poor wo-
man. She cried, and said she could
hardly bear to take the things out, it
looked so pretty. I wish I ever
thought of things like that."

"What was in the box, Belle?"
asked Grace. "If I had taken the
money I spent for cards, I might
have done something like that, if it
had sensible things in it."

"Ham and eggs and a few flowers,
and a candy egg," recited Belle,
glibly. "I took a good look at it for
next year. Fred told the poor old
lady the fairies must have brought it."

"I'll never say anything is home-
ly again," said Pauline, as she told
how her boxes had been received.
"Just to think of people being thank-
ful for ham and eggs! I'm always
going to give gifts like that."

"Don't forget the flowers, too,"
said grandma. "We ought to give
beautiful as well as homely gifts,
for both are acceptable offerings.
You will have to change your mind
about being the most unfortunate
girl, won't you?"

"I'm going to throw away the
first syllable of that word this very
day, for it is the happiest Easter I
ever had."—*Our Boys And Girls.*

FRIENDSHIP.

What is more helpful to a woman
in the busy world of affairs today
than strong, true friendship?

Because we are judged by the
company we keep, because our
character is invariably affected by
the friends to which we attach our-
selves, it becomes nothing short of
a tragedy when we fail to put the
proper valuation on the selection of
our friendships.

Of course we ought to be court-
eous and kind to all, but not with
all do we need to be on terms of im-
timacy. We all know the type of
girl whose affections spread them-
selves out over a large and prom-
iscuous number. She takes up with
every sort of companion without
much consideration as to their
fitness or worth. We hear her
spoken of as a "Hail fellow well
met," because she makes a boon
companion of every passing stran-
ger. In other words, she aims to
be friendly with everybody, yet a
real friend to none.

You will find that her friends
are mostly of the fair weather type,
that forsake her when she really
needs a friend.

There is also another type of
girl who selfishly chooses her friends
according to their usefulness to her.
In order to achieve some personal
gain, she is often willing to endan-
ger her reputation and include in
her list of intimates persons whom
she morally distrusts.

In my opinion the basis all real
friendship should be a community
of interests. Friends should be
chosen because they have sympathy
with us in our best efforts and high-
est thoughts, because of their trust-
worthiness and because they believe
in us and inspire us with strength
for greater endeavor.

To feel that there are those
around us who believe in us unre-
servedly, who would be disappoint-
ed if we should fail, proves a power-
ful stimulant. Can any money
measure the value of such a friend-
ship!

Real friendship is never a one-
sided affair. One cannot receive all
and give nothing in return. If you
are stingy with your praise and your
helpfulness, if you lack generosity
and cordiality, you cannot expect to
call forth these qualities in others.

Therefore, in the choice of our
friends let us remember that no
friendship is worth the name which
does not elevate and which does not
help to strengthen character. This
is the highest function of friendship
—*The New York Sun.*

George Westinghouse

The first locomotive was made in
1814 by George Stephenson, but it
lacked a number of parts that mod-
ern locomotives have, such as a
headlight, the conductor's signal
bell, the air brake, and the sand box.
For over forty years all trains were
stopped by hand brakes worked by
a brakeman on top of the car. Now
the engineer can stop the whole
train by the use of air.

In the old days the brakeman was
a very important member of the
train crew. There was a brakeman
between every two cars. About a
mile from a station he would start
to turn the brake wheel, tightening
the chain that set a pair of brakes.
He would then hop over to the other
car and set the other brakes. Such
work on a freight train was both
dangerous and uncomfortable. Some-
times a brakeman missed his
footing on the icy top and fell be-
tween the cars. Some were knocked
off the cars when the train suddenly
passed over a bridge. Others were
frozen in the cold winter wind and
snow.

After the Civil War was over,
George Westinghouse went to Union
College in New York City and then
learned his trade as mechanic in his
father's shop in Schenectady, N. Y.
He loved to work around the rail-
road repair shops and began to use
his keen wits to improve things.
First he made a device to set de-
railed cars back on the track. Then
he noticed the slow, dangerous work
of handbraking. Some trains used
a steam brake. Westinghouse chang-
ed it and used compressed air in-
stead of steam.

He came to Pittsburg to work and
offered his new air brake to several
Eastern railroads, but they all turned
down his invention as useless. At last
the Pennsylvania Lines gave him
permission to try his new brake
on a train running from Pittsburg
to Steubenville, Ohio. On the way
the engineer noticed a farm wagon
on the track ahead. He whistled
for down brakes, but saw he could
not stop the train. He turned on
the air, and to his surprise and joy
the heavy train stopped ten feet
from the wagon. That happened
back in 1869.

In the next twenty years, West-
inghouse improved his air brake,
and many railroads put them on all
their trains. In 1873 he made the
automatic (self-acting) air brake.
Each car had its own air tank.
When the engineer turned the lever
in the engine cab, all the brakes on
all the cars set almost at the same
time.

Now all the railroads in our coun-
try are compelled by law to use air
brakes. The brakemen are given
other work to do. The engineer can
stop a train going sixty miles an
hour in six hundred feet.

In the last few years the railroads
have been making steel cars as being
safer than the wooden cars. The
weight of a car has been increased
from twenty to sixty tons. So the
air brake cannot stop the heavy
steel trains in less than sixteen
hundred feet. The Pennsylvania
railroad has had men at work to
improve the old Westinghouse air
brake and stop the trains faster.

Recently they made an electric
air brake which can stop a train of
twelve cars going sixty miles an
hour in one thousand feet.

A Congressman Stumped.

It is often literally true that "the
weak things of the world" are able
to "confound the things which are
mighty." Not long ago former
Congressman Brownlow, of Tennes-
see, was caught napping by his little
granddaughter, who is the delight
of her parents and the idol of her
grandfather. She came before him,
her face wreathed in smiles, and
said: "Grandpa, I saw something
running across the kitchen floor this
morning without any legs. What
do you think it was?"

He studied for a while, but finally
was obliged to give it up. "What
was it?" he asked.

"Water," answered the little lady
triumphantly.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf.
Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,
Fort Smith, Ark.</

NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1919.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 103d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.
One Copy, one year, \$1.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

He's true to God who's true to man:
Whoever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slain, most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

OUR up-State correspondent advances an ingenious theory for the prevention of sea-sickness, which is, in short, "will power"—that is, the power of mind over matter.

While not disputing the effect of the mental attitude upon bodily disorders, the immunity from sea-sickness depends almost entirely upon the condition of the inner ear.

Many years ago, Prof. James, of Harvard University, made an extended investigation into the causes of sea-sickness, and practically proved that it had its inception from the fluid in the inner ear.

Of course he used scientific terms, embracing the myriads of microscopic hairs that move in the endolymph of the inner canals of the ear. Still, for the layreader, the explanation is that the aforesaid hairs, touching the fluids in the ear, convey a sensation to the spinal column that reaches the brain and gives the sense of equilibrium. The irritation begotten from the rolling of a ship at sea, is telegraphed to the stomach and results in *mal de mer*.

Those deaf from disease that robs them of the sense of equilibrium, are exempt from sea-sickness, because they are not conscious of the violent changes in equilibrium. In their ears, either the fibers that touch the fluids are deadened, or the fluids are absent.

We have never known of a person adventitiously deaf, who was not exempt from sea-sickness.

The nausea of sea-sickness is due to the fact that there is a direct nervous route from the semi-circular canals of the ear to the stomach.

A lot has been written in the past on this subject, and one might discuss it *ad infinitum*; but simplified as above any one can understand it to a sufficient extent for purposes of conversation.

THE project for a new site and buildings for the New Jersey State School for the Deaf has met unexpected opposition in the House. A bill authorizing the sale of the present land and buildings at Trenton, N. J., was voted down by a majority of 35 to 5. The opponents claim that the present site can be improved and the State saved the money necessary for new land and buildings.

IDAHO is to have a new school building for the Deaf and Blind at Gooding. A committee recently was appointed to select a site upon which to erect a structure at a cost of \$50,000. The Idaho Institution was established in 1906, has ten teachers and a total of sixty-one pupils.

By the will of Mrs. Caroline E. Perkins of Rochester, N. Y., the Western New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes is bequeathed the sum of one thousand dollars.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

What a turmoil down in the basement of College Hall these last few days! The camping parties have been unearthing their outfits from a cobwebby collar-room and have put in many hours scouring their utensils, sharpening cutlery and mending the leaky old oil stoves. The general exodus for Great Falls is scheduled for April 16th, at noon. The following Friday is "Ladies' Day," and the return from camp takes place the ensuing Tuesday. Principal Roberts of the Kendall School and Prof. Hughes are to brave the dangers of April weather and spend a few days in camp with the fellows.

Dinner was given an hour earlier on Sunday, the 13th, that the students who felt so inclined could proceed to Potomac Park to see the aeroplanes doing stunts. Due perhaps to the windy weather that blew up towards noon, nothing very spectacular was exhibited by the aviators. A somewhat disappointed crowd came home about supper time.

The Preps' Sunday School Concert, which was presented at seven o'clock the evening of April 13th, proved one of the best of the year. Under the direction of Chairman Orman, P. C., the following program was carried out:

Hymn—"The Lord is King," Miss Sattler.
Reading—"Palm Sunday," Miss Bible.
Hymn—"Easter Morning," Mr. Cherry.
Reading—"The Other Wise Man," Mr. Funk.

The last number on the program was made very interesting by the use of tableaux:

ARTABAN SAVES THE WOMAN'S CHILD.
Artaban Mr. Downes
A Centurion Mr. Rittenberg
Roman Soldiers
Messrs. Lucado and R. Kannapell

THE PASSING OF ARTABAN.
Artaban Noah Downes
The Redeemed Slave Girl
Miss Helen Moss

The Senior Class took upon themselves the Literary Society program for the evening of April 11th, according to a long established custom. The entire program was excellent, in especial the debate which was as follows: "Resolved, That Ireland is justified in setting up an independent government." Messrs. Osborne and Ozier, who upheld the negative side, won over Messrs. Peard and Burns, who defended the affirmative.

CAMPUS NOTES (SPRING INSTALLMENT.)

The time-honored iron benches have reappeared on the boys' campus. Simultaneously the "fashion parade" has recommenced.

Miss Peet is rejoicing in a new spring hat, which she calls "feather duster" style.

Miss F. Lewis has resumed her roller-skates—her chief hobby—and can now be seen any fine afternoon flying along the college walks.

The Junior Class-tree has put out its leaves, in this far outstripping the Seniors Class-tree, notwithstanding the former was planted less than a month ago.

The tennis courts are a strong drawing card every afternoon.

Prof. Day's yellow jonquils—a wayside attraction for all strollers to the farm—have finished blooming, simultaneously with the Professor's yellow forsythia. Next in our friend's floral schedule are his wisteria and purple iris, both of which usually bloom at the same time.

ATHLETICS
Gallaudet, 3. Maryland State College, 4.
Gallaudet's second start in baseball, like its first, proved disastrous, for the home team was defeated last Wednesday by M. S. C. on Garlie Field by the score of 4 to 3.

The Marylanders started off with two runs. Synder singled and stole. He scored when Knoke lambasted the pill into right field for three bases. The latter also scored when LaFontaine permitted the relay to filter through his legs. In the fifth the Buff and Blue evened up matters. Bouchard doubled and came home when Atcheson fumbled LaFontaine's grounder and then threw the ball over first. Rebal and Wilson also were safe on infield errors, LaFontaine scoring in the meanwhile. The rally was cut short, however, as Wilson was put out at second when he attempted to fleh the bag. Houze scored with a single.

M. S. C. came back with the deciding run in the next inning after two men had been retired. Eisman was passed. When he started on a steal of second, Houze aimed the ball in the direction of the Keystone sack but landed it in centre field, and the runner reached third, from whence he scored on Hartshorn's one-base hit to right.

The Buff and Blue perked up a bit in the ninth, and it appeared as if they would pull off another of their last minute drives, but the rally was nipped in the bud. Rebal walked and Deer fanned. Wilson sent a hot bouncer to short, but a nice pick-up by the charge

on that boat retired Rebal at second. Houze put his weight behind his bat but the best he could do was to raise a long fly to left for the final out.

Downes, starting his first game for Gallaudet, showed up well on the mound, and but for the seven errors made by the infielders, he might have emerged with a victory.

The score:
M. S. C. 2 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 4
Gallaudet 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 3

FANWOOD.

Mrs. Marcus Marks, of this city, was a welcome visitor here on Tuesday, April 8th. Nadine Lavond accompanied her around the school buildings.

The "daylight saving plan," which went into effect on the last Sunday of March, has afforded us to go out of doors after supper and enjoy the breezes. The gate on Fort Washington Avenue is usually hugged by many of the cadets, and they study the shapes and styles of autos.

Examinations for speed and accuracy in type-setting has begun some time ago.

Cadet Captain Aurelio Ruggerio and Cadet Lieut. Samuel Jampol believe in reading outdoors than in cosy indoor places. Ideas may come from their thoughts—like Sir Isaac Newton, who discovered the gravity of the earth—seeing an apple fall to the ground, and wondered why it did not fall upwards or sideways. Hurry boys! The scientific books and magazines are waiting for your discoveries.

Our art teacher, Miss McClure, has been taking some of the pupils to the Metropolitan Museum of Art during the past week.

Scarcely a ball passes Paul Skidelsky when he is at his infield post on the Fanwood Junior Nine, but when at the bat he swings fine enough to give two or three boys a good ride on his shoulders. He was the star "bench-warmer" last season.

Dr. Thomas F. Fox is now in possession of a United States Army automatic revolver and a camouflaged German helmet, given by his eldest son, former Captain Edwin R. D. Fox, who was attached to the 15th Regiment of New York and returned home with it after a long stay "over there." His son has many souvenirs, and some are named below: a machine-gun, three automatic revolvers, four helmets, a German ring, a German belt buckle with words of "Gott mit uns," different sized shells, and many others. Dr. Fox has another son, Elliot D. Fox, who was formerly a Sergeant in the New York's own 27th Division, and now has an honorable discharge certificate. The same named certificate was also given to his brother, Edwin. Both are now in civilian life.

Remember the date, May 2d, at the 12th Regiment Armory, our Provisional Company will be entered in a competition drill.

Superintendent and Principal Thomas C. Forrester, of Western New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, Rochester, N. Y., was an interested visitor on Wednesday, April 9th. The salient features of the Institution were shown to him. He was a former Superintendent of the Maryland State School for the Deaf, where our friend, Mr. Ignatius T. Bjorlee, is now Principal.

A discharged "gob" cousin of Nadine Lavond was a visitor on Wednesday evening. Another cousin is in Newport, R. I.

The following appeared in the New York Evening Mail, under date of Tuesday, April 8th:—

MUTE TEAM CHALLENGES.

"The baseball team of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, 99 Fort Washington Avenue, West of 163d Street, is anxious to schedule games for the coming season with teams composed of boys eighteen years of age and over, the games to be played on own grounds. Address all communications to C. C. Altenderfer, care of above address."

On April 10th, at 8 P. M., the Provisional Company and the Band marched to the 22d Regiment Armory, where the band furnished the music for a rehearsal review, which was given by companies composed of young men under the age of 19, who were subject to the compulsory military law. There were about twenty companies of them, and the rehearsal was for a big review to be given on May 29th. The Provisional Company of the Institution, which will be a competitor in the Manhattan Camp, No. 1, affair in the 12th Regt. Armory, on May 2d, went for the purpose of getting some practice on a smooth floor.

After more than eighteen months of service down South, Evelyn Miller's family was glad to have their son and brother, Walter, home again. He has been on the border for some time and escaped from being "scratched," but did not escape from sunburn on his face. He was here on a visit.

JACK & AL

CHICAGO.

The much heralded vaudeville and entertainment, given under the auspices of the Pas-a-Pas Woman's Club in the Unity building last Saturday evening, turned out in better clock-like shape than the sanguine promoters had anticipated. The ladies—Mesdames Craig, Gray and Miss Tanzar, who had much to do with directing the big event, told me that much of the success attained was due to the judicious advertising in the JOURNAL. The crowd that packed the small quarters actually numbered 187, almost the floor capacity allowed by the building code. There were many more who bought tickets who didn't come, but now are "kickin' their shins" who, wishing they had.

There were weeks of persistent rehearsing—a tedious task which the ladies said they wouldn't like to repeat. They did very well, and here's the program to testify to the truth of my statement.

1. "Sheridan's Ride" Gustave Boltz
2. (a) Sailors' Manual Arms.
(b) Sailors' Rifle Drill.
Messrs. Boltz, Wiggers, Hazel, Newson and Roomtree.
3. "Dixie" Miss Alice Greene
4. "The Flag" Gustave Boltz
5. Sailors' Hike, Messrs. Boltz and Newton
6. (a) Colored Fiddler Mrs. E. Carlson
- (b) Colored Washerwoman
7. "Rural School"
Messrs. Wm. and Geo. Brasher
Mesdames Brasher and Joseph
Miss Higgins and Little Freddy Hartung
8. Athletic Bloomer Girls
Mesdames Gray, Carlson, Young and
Misses Higgins and Ben's
9. Japanese Dance Mesdames Craig and Gray
10. "The Last Rose of Summer"
Miss Marie Tanzar
11. Scotch Dance
Mesdames Craig and Gray
12. Egyptian Dancer Gustave Boltz
13. "Coming Thru' the Rye" Gustave Boltz
14. An Old Fashioned Dance Gustave Boltz

The general comment centered on the remarkable dance performed by Miss Alice Greene, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Craig. She is almost on a par with the professional stage dancers, and the fact that she willingly contributed her services to the club is heartily appreciated by the committee.

Gustave Boltz, whose stage aspirations may not land him on the legitimate theatrical circuit, also comes in for a good share of credit.

By noting his name on several roles in the program herewith, you will understand what a difficult task he went through.

Mrs. E. E. Carlson is another deserving of complimentary mention. She has served in some capacity in each entertainment given since last fall, including the one at All Angels' Church. Those who have seen her play agree that she is entitled to a big share of appreciation. The rest of the players have done well—most of them having an initial taste of the "foot-lights."

C. M. Boehner, a chemist in the metal department of the mills at Gary, Ind., has been called to an advanced position in Cleveland, O. During the past two years he was substituting for a soldier who had gone to war. The war hero's return necessitated the change.

One misfortune following another has been the sad lot of Miss Flora Dunbar. Less than seven months ago her father died. Several weeks ago a telegram announced the sudden death of her brother in Nozales, New Mexico. This week Miss Dunbar was called to Minneapolis to be at the bedside of a dying brother. Miss Dunbar will later reside permanently in Arizona, her home state.

William Wiggers, the "live-wire" vice-president of the Pas-a-Pas Club, left Chicago last Sunday evening for Evansville, Ind., to visit his parents. He expects to be gone for a month or two.

In a communication to the members of the Illinois alumni association, President Thos. J. Halline proclaims a postponement of the reunion scheduled for June at Jacksonville, Ill. to another year.

The reasons given were the sudden cessation of the war which has not yet brought conditions to normal; the lack of widespread publicity preceding the reunion, and the last campaign for the victory loan which must not be hampered. In reality, says Mr. Halline, the postponement, which is the second one, is based purely on patriotic motives.

The Silent Athletic Club's campaign in selling bonds in its \$25,000 club is still progressing at a lively gait. Indications are that the full amount will be subscribed before the end of the summer season. At present the club managers are spending about \$1500 for a thorough remodeling of the entire interior. The housewarming will take place presumably on May 10. The lease on their old quarters at 32 N. Wells Street has another year to run. Meantime the club will continue paying rent until the place is sublet.

Chas. Bows is doing all the carpentering for the S. A. C. at his full union hour scale. Former Michigan students in Chicago have received notice of a reunion at Flint, Michigan, this coming June. It is believed a vigorous campaign in behalf of the N. A. D. convention at Detroit in 1920 will be inaugurated at this reunion.

The proposed "evening of magic and mystery," originally intended for Saturday evening, April 26th, at the Ridgeway Club, building has been postponed to May 24. The clubhouse is undergoing extensive alterations and cannot be completed in time for the entertainment, hence the postponement. The affair will be under the auspices of the Chicago Division of the N. F. S. D. Nels Olson and E. Preister will monopolize the entire program for the evening. Remember the new date, May 24.

Thos. Northern, of Denver, Col., has been in Chicago the past several weeks. He was to return home, but the Gallaudet alumni banquet to-night at All Angels' Church caused him to postpone his intention.

Miss Beatrice Bemis, who has undergone a period of suspense over the condition of her father, and which meant several trips to Wisconsin to be at his bedside, told me today that her father is very much better. She cannot conceal her happiness over the fact.

E. E. Carlson, a prosperous merchant tailor in room 1004, Peoples Life building, has just announced that owing to increased business he has been obliged to move to a larger space in room 1207. Later he intends to add coat making. At present he merely cuts and trims from patterns, and does most of his business for the local trade as well as supply to merchants outside of Chicago.

There is a feeling of uneasiness among the members of the Pas-a-Pas Club, on account of the cramped and small space of their present quarters. A committee has been searching the loop for vacant rooms, but up to this date have not yet secured what they desire. The present membership has increased to 92, whereas only two years ago the club had less than thirty members. The combined membership of the club—including the women's department—is now 151, all active. There has been a movement to induce the club to move to the southside, but on account of the distance the plan was found impracticable. The majority favor maintaining quarters in the loop, since members hail from all directions of Chicago's map.

J. A. W.

Sioux Falls, S. D.

Plenty of work here! Good painters and carpenters can come and get jobs at from forty-five to seventy cents per hour. Still plenty of work at John Morrell & Company, at forty-two to fifty cents per hour.

Miss Gertrude De Greet, of Sioux Center, Iowa, who had visited with her friends here for three days, returned home last Monday.

Chas. Dunker, of Omaha, Neb., stopped here for a short visit before he left for Watertown, S. D., last Monday afternoon. He has a good job on a farm there.

Grant Daniel visited his old chum, Mr. Rome Burke, at Montrose, S. D., last Thursday.

Miss Amelia Michael, of Parker, S. D., had a bad case of Flu, but she is about well at this writing.

Mr. Daniel Treszen left his Deaf School for his home in Marion, S. D., to help his father on the farm last Monday.

Mr. Roman Burke, of Montrose, came last Friday and bought a good auto. He is so proud of being owner of an auto.

Grant Daniel bought a two-room house for \$300 from Mr. Berby last week, and the house will be moved to his lot and his family will move into it by May 1st.

Martin Servold was called last Wednesday from school to his home in Howard, S. D., as his father needs him on the farm.

Rev. John Salvier, of Minneapolis, Minn., came here last Wednesday, and gave an interesting service to the deaf people. He will be here again May 7th.

Bryant Burke, of Montrose, was in town last Saturday and Sunday visiting friends.

Oren M. Elliott had an offer from Kenyon Printing Co., at Des Moines, Iowa a short time ago, but the Beach Printing Co., of this city, said: "Stay with us and we will raise your pay." Mr. Elliott has been employed by this firm for three years.

Harvey Dignerness was discharged from the U. S. Army, after he arrived from France. He stopped here to visit his sister, Mrs. G. Daniels, last Saturday, before he went to Oregon to visit his parents.

Supt. Howard Simpson, who has been in France, arrived here today. Much talk here that a convention of the Deaf will be held next Summer. Committee has not decided about date and place.

A "baby" tank was exhibited on the Street last Saturday. The tank was in France, as it shows several marks made by Hun bullets.

The tank belongs to the Canadian Army.

Joe Sernold has a good job at John Morrell & Co., at 42 cents per hour. His foreman likes him very well.

April 8.

"SURLUGKO."

The flax crop in Fife, England, will be harvested exclusively by women.

LOS ANGELES EVENT OF IMPORTANCE.

The evening of April fourth will not be soon forgotten by the large number of local deaf, who were fortunate enough to be present at the daintily appointed dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Roberts, in celebration of their third wedding anniversary. The affair was held in Christopher's new Banquet Hall—a place not only locally famous, but also known broadcast as one of the desirable, exclusive dining halls in the Southern Metropolis. The invited guests numbered sixty-one. By nine-thirty, after the last course had been cleared away, toasts and speeches were in order. On this, as on many other delightful occasions, Mr. Edmund Price acted as master of ceremonies. Nowhere is there a man more eminently fitted for such a place. In fact, we could not do without Mr. Price; time and enjoyment would lag without his ready head and hand to keep things moving precisely as they should at affairs of a social kind.

In the capacity of toastmaster Mr. W. H. Phelps was not lacking in after-dinner wit and humor so necessary to the success of an event of this kind. Mr. Phelps is a versatile speaker. Possessed of a lively imagination, with the ability to punctuate his remarks with the most unexpected surprises—comments or comparisons, both true and untrue, or serious or ludicrous as his whim dictates, he kept his audience in fine humor throughout the evening. The fact that Mr. Phelps is President of Los Angeles' best and biggest club—Los Angeles Silent Club, a new organization, by the way, founded largely on his influence and initiative—added greatly to his dignity and importance that evening.

Various short speeches were made on divers subjects. It is remarkable that no matter what the subject, or how unsuited it seemed on first thought, the speaker skillfully manipulated it until it fitted exactly the occasion. I was myself astonished that so many subjects could finally dwindle down into appropriate and complimentary remarks on the popularity and generosity of our host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts. This wealthy couple, since their marriage three years ago, set the precedent in that they taboo exclusiveness and snobishness—traits that too often mar, in the eyes of their fellow-deaf, the usefulness and standing of the usual rich deaf couple. In a hundred ways it can be shown how the Roberts' whole-hearted democracy has worked great good in the lives of poor neglected, though deserving, deaf, who otherwise would hardly be noticed when it comes to social and entertainment—affairs of the greatest moral stimulation to the deaf.

On this occasion Mrs. Roberts wore a handsome gown of black satin, spangled bodice, with yoke and sleeves of tulle; on the little finger of her left hand she wore a new diamond studded ring, the anniversary gift of her husband. As I said, the way the speakers handled their subjects was one of the surprises of the evening. Mr. Ould spoke on Paradise. He talked on the climatic blessings and scenic beauties of our semi-tropical country, ending his remarks happily to suit the present occasion of feasting and wedded bliss.

Howard L. Terry's subject was, "A corner in pop-corn." His story was purely imaginary; he carried us back to Rome in the days of Caesar, then by a swift turn of the mind, he brought the story down to suit the living present.

Mr. Thomas Marsden spoke on Victory. He did not mention Germany or the war; instead, his speech was an eloquent tribute to the victory which deserving deaf, local and elsewhere, have won through the unselfishness and open-door policy of the Roberts.

My subject was the Poppy. I did not choose my subject, nor did I like it. Neither did I like the chair that I had to stand upon to make my remarks. (Mr. Fisk says that the deaf never can find a platform at their banquets.)

Rev. Mr. Webb, who by this time has become well-versed in the sign-language, visualized in clear gestures the romance of the Roberts' first meeting, their brief courtship, and marriage here in Los Angeles. He remarked that ministers like to marry couples, and as he had married Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, the remark was quite a happy coincidence.

Mr. McGowan spoke on The Horn of Plenty. The feast of which he had just partaken added emphasis to his conception of the subject.

Mrs. Llewellyn and Mrs. Hultene, each given graceful renditions of appropriate songs. Other speakers were Messrs. Brimble, Dyson and Briscoe. Mrs. Edmund Price made the final address, which was a congratulatory speech, at the conclusion of which she presented to Mr. and Mrs. Roberts a silver loving cup, the gift of their friends present, as well as reminder of their generosity to the deaf both private and public. The loving cup was a complete surprise to the recipients. So delighted were the host and hostess with the success and enjoyment of the occasion, that they proudly an-

nounced that the banquet will be repeated again next year, April 4th, 1920.

NEBRASKA.

Mrs. Tom Anderson (Anna Johnson), passed away at her home in Minden, Nebraska, on March 24th, after a brief illness of influenza and pneumonia, at the age of thirty-one years. Her affectionate disposition, bright and winning ways, won for her a wide circle of friends, who mourn with Mr. Anderson and two little children, Elizabeth Kysten, age five, and John Maxwell, age one and a half years, her untimely departure.

The service was held at the cemetery on account of the "flu" epidemic still being prevalent. Schools were closed, and all teachers and children were at the cemetery. The Boy Scouts, in whom Mr. Anderson had shown interest and had assisted in many ways until his recent illness, were pall-bearers and guard of honor. Each wore a white carnation, and at the last they marched past the grave, threw the carnation in the casket and saluted the deceased. It was very touching.

Mrs. Anderson graduated from the Omaha School in 1905 with honors, entering the Gallaudet College in the following fall. She was one of the most brilliant students the Omaha School ever sent. She was in college for three and a half years when she was called home by the death of her mother. Later she taught a year at the Omaha School, leaving to resume her studies at Gallaudet, graduating in 1912.

She was married September 21, 1919, to T. L. Anderson, whom she met at College, and who was also of the class of 1912. Mr. Anderson has a position on the faculty of the Minden High School, and is very popular especially with children. The Mid-West Chapter of G. C. A. A. and General O. W. L. S., sent flowers. Several of Mr. Anderson's relatives from Denison, Texas, were present at the funeral. A sister took the baby home to Texas.

The girl will remain in Minden with a dear friend of the Andersons.

Joseph Brown, 37 years old, a colored deaf-mute, living at 906 North Pine Street, was "heard" as to why he didn't give his wife, Carrie Brown, also a deaf-mute, more than \$4.50 a week.

Pantomime, sign making, written queries and answers and partial interpretation all played a part in the Brown case of non-support before Justice Brandel yesterday.

Brown explained by movements his arms that he was a bootblack. By poorly made figures on a scrap of paper he showed his income was irregular, and he was doing the most he could for his wife.

The wife's chief witness was their son, a boy of seven years, who partially possessed the power of speech. The charge was dismissed.—Baltimore News.

In Memoriam

At its regular meeting, held on April 5th, 1919, Greater New York Division No. 23, of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, the brothers were informed of the passing on to the greater life of

BRO. FERDINAND PAUL O. BERG,

and after expressing the keen regret and sincere sorrow of the Division at the loss of so worthy a Brother, whose record was most excellent, it was.

Resolved, That the sympathy of the Division be expressed to the widow and children of our late Brother, and as a further token of its sorrow the Charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, and a copy of this minute be spread on the records and published in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

ALEXANDER PACH,
HARRY P. KANE,
JOHN D. SHERA,
Committee.

Rev. B. R. Allabough's Appointments.

APRIL
18—Lima, 7:30 P. M.
19—Dayton, 7:45 P. M. Annual Meeting of St. Clements Mission and Lecture in the Parish Hall of Christ Church.
20—Dayton, 10:45 A. M. (Holy Com.)
Midtown, 3:15 P. M.
Cincinnati, 7:15 P. M. Confirmation and 7:30 P. M. Evening Prayer and Sermon.
21—Cincinnati, 7:45 P. M. Annual Meeting of St. Mark's Mission in the Parish Hall St. Paul's Cathedral.
22—Flint, 7:30 P. M. (Confirmation)
23—Marion, 7:30 P. M.
24—Anderson, 7:30 P. M.
27—Indianapolis, 10:45 A. M. (Holy Com.) and 5:00 P. M. Richmond, 7:45 P. M.

Diocese of Connecticut.
Rev. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.

SPRING, 1919.
Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 3 P. M.
Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 3 P. M.
New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays, at 7 P. M.
Waterbury—St. John's Church, Parish House, third Sundays, at 7 P. M.
Services in Pittsfield and Springfield, Mass., by appointment.
Address: Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter, or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

BASKET BALL CHAMPIONSHIP

The final game of basket ball—that between the Deaf-Mutes' Union League and Men's Club of St. Ann's Church for the Deaf, for the Championship of New York, was played last Saturday night, at St. Ann's court, with a full house.

Both teams had their best men in the line-up. The game was, perhaps, one of the fastest played by two deaf teams, at least this is the opinion expressed by many who witnessed the contest.

Both teams were bent on winning, and thus attach the title of "Champion of 1919," but many were the fouls committed on both sides.

An unbiased party, who understands the game from A to Z, stated that the teams were evenly matched, but the team that committed the most fouls lost the game, and as the Men's Club were the ones—they lost.

The score was: Deaf-Mutes' Union League, 30; Men's Club, 22. That ended the final game of the season—and the championship goes to the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

To attempt to point out any individual player of either team who starred would be unfair to the other players.

Both teams played for all they were worth, and the best team won. The players and score is herewith appended:—

MEN'S CLUB (22)	Pos.	UNION LEAGUE (30)
Egger	L. F.	Weisman
Nimmo	R. F.	Gordon (Capt)
Gillen	C.	Moister
Fluhr	L. L.	Berzon
Haberstroh (Capt)	R. G.	

Goals—Gordon 4, Weisman 2, Moister 1, Egger 3, Haberstroh 2, Nimmo 1, Fluhr 1. Fouls—Gordon 16 out of 18, Haberstroh 7 out of 15, Egger 1 out of 2, Nimmo 1 missed time of first half 20 minutes and second half 15 minutes. Referee—Reinke of Newark Triangles, New Jersey. Scorer—Frey. Timekeeper—Shea for Men's Club and Marks for Union League.

The Manager of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League is Mr. Mendel Berman, who by the way has been re-elected for another year.

Mr. Holmes is the Manager of the Men's Club. Both of these gentlemen have conducted the affairs of their respective teams in a creditable manner as the record shows.

S. W. J. D. NEWS.

In spite of the bad weather last Friday evening, the attendance at the Divine Service was very fair. Rabbi Amateau being absent from the city on a lecture-visit at Philadelphia, Mr. Louis A. Cohen conducted the Service. The sermon was also delivered by Mr. Cohen whose topic was "Fair Play." This was the first time in a very long while that the S. W. J. D. Congregation had the pleasure of a sermon by Mr. Cohen, and, of course, it was interesting and instructive. The speaker dwelt upon the importance of ethical conduct as a basis of civilized society and showed that fair play was the foundation of justice.

Sunday afternoon, the first open air affair of the year was to be held, but was postponed on account of the rainy weather.

That, however, merely changed the scene of the gathering, which was held in the Social Parlor and Reading Room of the Center.

Through an invitation of the Xavier Epiphany Society, with the endorsement of Rev. Thomas White, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's, Rev. Edward J. O'Mahoney, assistant at St. Rose Church, will address the adult Catholic deaf at the Epiphany Society meeting Easter Sunday. Since the passing of the late Rev. Father Wellstead, charge of the Sunday School pupils from Fanwood at St. Rose's, has been taken up by Father O'Mahoney. He has been studying the sign language, and with some progress. It is hoped the Catholic deaf will attend the Easter meeting in goodly numbers, and thereby show their appreciation of Father O'Mahoney's efforts in their behalf. Service begins at 3 P. M.

At St. Ann's Church for the Deaf on Easter Day, the Holy Communion will be celebrated at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. This is one of the few annual occasions when the communicants of the church and their friends gather in what is to them the Cathedral Church of the Deaf in New York and vicinity. Every year sees a larger attendance at the Easter Service, the queen festival of the Christian year. With the closing of the war, this Easter will be an occasion of solemn rejoicing. The regular mission stations will not be served on that day. The deaf of these places are expected to attend the service at St. Ann's Church.

Holy Week services, beginning with the Palm Sunday service will

continue every evening during this week. Good Friday falls on April 18th. The special and solemn service always brings a large attendance at St. Ann's Church that evening. The service begins promptly at 8.15.

The regular meeting of the Woman's Parish Aid Society and the Men's Club is postponed to Thursday, April 24th, so as not to interfere with the Service on Maundy Thursday.

There was a large attendance at the service on Palm Sunday. Rev. Mr. Kent preached an inspiring and timely sermon on the "Triumph of Sacrifice." At the conclusion of the service palms were distributed.

H. C. D. NOTES.

In spite of the rain Friday, April 11th, we had a good crowd at Temple Israel of Harlem.

Miss Champagne led the choir, and Mrs. A. A. Cohn gave us "O, Mine America." After the service, Mr. Samuel Frankenstein gave us a lecture on "America's Seven Wars of Righteousness." He began from the Revolutionary War to the present World War. It showed that America fought for right and always won, and she never regretted entering any war.

Dr. Nies was supposed to speak before us this Friday, April 18th, but it being a Jewish holiday, "Passover," it was postponed to another time. Mr. Marcus Kenner will speak before us instead, and his subject will be "Passover."

April 27th will be our fourth literary night, and we will have the pleasure of having Mr. Ballin lecture before us. His subject will be "Russia."

On Saturday April 5th, Christian E. Vernon came to his Uncle's home—Dr. E. T. Osbaldeston, 85 years old, and retired from all practice on account of old age. His place on Broadway is going to be pulled down and a new up-to-date building coming up, so Chris went over to help him clear up. He set himself to cutting all wood into stove lengths. About 1.30 Chris had cut a good quantity and felt tired and went for a nap in the bed-room. In about an hour he got up, feeling chilly, and put on an overcoat as covering and went to sleep again. About one hour later he woke up feeling very sick and walked a little way from the bed and fell down unconscious. A few minutes or an hour later he tried to rise, but could not. About 6 P. M., the ambulance and police were around and pulled out Chris and his uncle, both unconscious, and used the gas pumps on them. Doses of milk, massage on stomach, and gas pump, pulled both back to life. And at 7.37, they were both half alive at the Knickerbocker Hospital. Being a doctor, the uncle went out of hospital at 12 P. M. Saturday and treated himself at his home, and on Sunday he came and took Chris out—insisting that going out in the fresh air would do better than staying in the ward. So they walked up to 148th Street. Excepting for being easily set to trembling on the slightest exertion, Chris apparently is no worse—may be is better off for having been thoroughly fumigated. The Knickerbocker Hospital people are very considerate to all patients and the food was clean and well cooked.

On Sunday afternoon, April 6th, at the home of Miss Elsie Grossman, the V. B. G. A. A. gave a double shower to two of its members, whose engagements have recently been announced—the Misses Anna May Bennett and Annabelle Hannon. Games and stories were indulged in until supper time.

The food was delicious, which was prepared by the devoted Mrs. Grossmann. At 9:30 we departed for our respective homes, after thanking Mrs. Grossmann for all she did for us. Those present were Anna Bennett, Annabelle Hannon, Eleanor Sherman, Anna Klaus, Mary Muir, Kathleen McGuire, Agnes Lillis, Mabel Hall, Elsie Grossman, Margaret Sherman and Wanda Makowski.

Miss Eliza Loughbridge, of Philadelphia, has been in New York for the past two or three weeks. She was at St. Ann's Church on two different Sundays, accompanied by her cousin, and regretted that none of the erstwhile Philadelphia deaf were on hand to exchange greetings.

Miss Bella Bromson, of Providence, R. I., and her folks, are proud that her brother, Private Aaron Bromson, has arrived home from France. He marched in the parade of the 27th Division, on Fifth Avenue, New York, on March 25th.

Paul Denton is now employed at the School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J., as a linotype machinist. He takes care of three linotype machines and will have three more under his care in the Fall.

Miss Caroline Kraus wishes to announce her engagement to Mr. Frederick Harrison Koehler, on Wednesday, April 9th, 1919.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 928 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

April 12, 1919.—Any deaf person, provided of course, he is physically able, and anxious to work, will find an opportunity to do so with the Firestone Rubber Company, of Akron, Ohio. In fact the Company has long since opened its doors to them, and is eager for newcomers.

The Company gave a banquet to its employees last Saturday evening. The deaf had been invited, and that they might enjoy the speeches as well as the eats, the management had Mr. Leon Odebrecht from the School for the Deaf come up and do the interpreting for them. The president of the Company, in his address, spoke of the plans that were on foot for the comfort and enjoyment of the deaf, and he asked them to look about, and if they knew of any deaf persons deserving work to recommend them to the Company.

John Schild, employed by the American Watch Company, of Mansfield, had a narrow escape from death or serious injury last week. He had been working overtime up on the second floor of the building. Fire broke out in the basement and sent up dense smoke, cutting off the passage down. Ladders were placed by the firemen to the upper floor. Schild and another man working with him were rescued through windows. The former left behind his coat, vest and lunch basket. Next day when he returned he found his duds and lunch intact, but bearing a strong fragrance of smoke.

Mr. John Schild went to Canton, Ohio, on Monday, on legal business.

"In the midst of life we are in death," was truly verified last Sunday evening, when the family of Frank E. Masterson, aged 45, consisting of himself, wife 28, and six year old daughter, Grace, met death in an instant, and three others in the same accident severely injured.

The family had been visiting a cousin in this city, and were on their way home on a motorcycle. While descending a grade a few miles east of the city, Masterson likely did not see a touring car coming west and so swiped against it. His machine was demolished and the touring car put out of running. When assistance came to the Masterson their car was on them, and both were dead. Their child still showed signs of life, which left a moment or two later.

The right feet of the parent were crushed off, while the right eyes of all three were torn from their sockets.

Mr. Masterson was a cabinet-maker, for the Newark, O., Furniture Company, and his home in that city was at 195 Wilson Street. He received his education in the Indianapolis School for the Deaf, while his wife, nee Hazel Lewis, attended the Ohio School. Their little daughter possessed all her senses. The bodies of the three were taken to Newark by an undertaker there for burial.

Principal Patterson has been engaged to deliver a lecture under the auspices of the deaf ladies of Akron. It is for the benefit of the Home for the Deaf. Those of the deaf who fail to attend will truly miss an interesting treat. The affair will come off in the G. A. R. Hall, on the evening of April 26th.

Miss Ida Lohr, of London, Ohio, a graduate of the school, assumed the position of assistant to the matron of C floor boys.

Mr. J. B. Showalter had a fall from a step-ladder last week, resulting in an injury to his right shoulder, which has kept him from work since.

Mrs. Jennie Caplinger is assisting at the Home for a while. Since the death of her husband, she has rented out her farm and moved to Hillboro, and hence has found time more easy.

At the last meeting of the Advance Society, Messrs. Jacob Vogelbund, of Central College, A. B. Davis, of Detroit, Collins S. Sawhill, of Cleveland, and J. E. Pershing, of Springfield, were added to the list of associate members. Mr. August Beckert entertained the members with a story "Outwitting the Hun."

Lawn tennis playing is in operation on both sides when weather is favorable. The boards on the swings have been replaced. Baseball is all the go now among the male portion of the pupils, big and little during recreation hours, and chicken coops again stand the front lawn, all of which are sure signs that Spring is here, and there are others of course.

Friends of Miss Julia Fesenbeck, who was seriously ill of the flu some time ago, will be glad to know that she has passed the crisis and is on Recovery Road.

A. B. G.

Although the government doesn't encourage counterfeiting, it employs a lot of congressmen to pass a lot of bad bills.

AKRON, O.

A. D. Martin, our progressive Director, has decided to become a business man in the real sense of the word. Last week he paid his \$5 dues and became a full-fledged member of the Akron Chamber of Commerce. As far as we know "Abe" is the only one of Akron's Deaf colony to become a member, but that does not mean that he is the only one that will be a member.

In event of a good number of Deaf joining the C. of C., there is no doubt but that a good deal of good would come of it, provided a good interpreter could be obtained, when such men as Wm. H. Taft address the Chamber of Commerce. The Akron Deaf would in this way have it on their more unfortunate brothers in other cities, as they would not have the chance to hear such great men talk.

T. E. Hill got the scare of his life on the 1st of April, when upon returning home from work at midnight, he found his house filled with smoke. Believing the house to be on fire, he started to taking furniture and everything he could lay his hands on out in the yard, until he happened to go down into the cellar and found his house not on fire but his furnace smoking like a U. S. Destroyer throwing a smoke screen around a flotilla of transports. After half an hour of inhaling coal gas and trying to find out the cause of the said smoke, it finally worked into Hill's skull that somebody must have been playing an April Fool's joke on him, so he put the furnace fire out and crawled into bed coughing and shivering, and no doubt cussing. Hill is now trying to figure out who did it, and what for, as the joke did not seem to be a joke to him. He says he still smells smoke.

Dennis Wickline, a member of the Deaf Squadron, has returned from a week's vacation spent somewhere in Pennsylvania.

H. Smith, also of the Squadron, disappeared for a week, but finally returned with the explanation that he had been home on a visit to his folks.

Mrs. Benjamin M. Schowe (Dot. Conover) has joined Hubby in Akron and is a welcome addition to the set of young matrons here. They (the Schowes) have rooms down nearer to town than Good-year Heights, so that Bum won't have to travel so far going back and forth from his work at Firestone, where he is employed as Director of Firestone's new Deaf Colony.

After weeks of waiting, the Directors of the Club have at last given out a set of rules for conducting of the club, and although some of them are not what they ought to be, they will help to keep things in order hereafter. Personally we think that the rules should have been made before the club was opened.

A farewell party was given to Mrs. J. F. Meagher, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Schmidt, on Sunday, March 30th, 1919. Mrs. Schmidt was ably assisted in preparing the refreshments and conducting of the games by Mesdames Bob Unsworth and I. M. Robinson. Akron's loss in the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Meagher will be Gary, Indiana's gain. Jimmie left Akron about a month ago, and Mrs. Meagher followed him last week.

"Dummy" Taylor packed his grip some time during the last few days and took a flying trip to Olathe, Kansas. Nobody seems to know for sure if he is coming back or not, but it is a safe bet to say that we are all praying that "Dummy" will be back amongst us before many more days pass by. Without him our hopes for the baseball team would take a decided fall, as we were depending on him to be our main-stay pitcher and to coach the rookies.

Chas. C. Marshall, the popular football star of last fall's team and a graduate of Calland College, has taken up wrestling with Silent Olsen. One day, last week, while these two huskies were throwing each other around on the mat, Marshall in some way injured his ribs, and now he limps around swearing that he is going to get Olsen, if he has to wrestle every day for ten years.

Goodyear's Mute Jazz band has begun to practice regularly and from now on you can hear them tooting away on Sunday afternoons in the new Gymnasium. Although only about twelve of the boys have had any actual experience, we have the material, and the only way to develop it is by hard work and persistent practice.

Mr. Norman Yeager, of Toronto, Canada, was a visitor in Akron for two days last week. Mr. Yeager is employed by the Ford Tractor Co., in Detroit, and was on his way back there from a visit in Canada. While in Akron, he stayed with Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Hill, who knew him well in Washington, D. C. several years ago. He was greatly impressed with Goodyear's Deaf Colony, and especially with the Clubhouse.

A. D. Martin will give up his position as Instructor for the Deaf and give his whole time and attention to the direction of their affairs and to his work in the labor department. At present no successor has been chosen, but Mr. Hower and

and Mr. Fancher are reported to be the ones likely to get the job.

ATHLETICS

The second Athletic show given by the Goodyear Company was pulled off Saturday night, April 5th, in the Goodyear Gymnasium. Some 2000 people enjoyed the mixed program of boxing and wrestling. There were seven events on the program, five of which had mutes in them.

Denny Mack (mute) fought J. Closshey four fast rounds and their mill proved to be the best on the card, although they were only one of the semi-finals. Mack, although a smaller man than his opponent, showed himself to be a great little scrapper and soon had the crowd pulling for him strong, with his terrific blows to Closshey's face. In the second round Mack sent Closshey to the floor with a hard jolt to the jaw, and after that he had things all his own way. Blood was smeared all over Closshey's face, and Mack also shed a little of the claret, but he did not seem to mind it.

Gilbert and Daniels (both deaf) wrestled for about six minutes, Gilbert getting the first fall in 3½ minutes and the second in a little over 2 minutes. Gilbert is one of the best wrestlers for his size in Akron, and Daniels did well to stay as long as he did.

Marshall and Dille, two heavy-weight wrestlers gave an exhibition of wrestling as done by the big fellers, Marshall pinning Dille's shoulders down in 3½ minutes. They then wrestled 5 minutes with out either being able to throw the other. Marshall went on with a broken rib and deserves all the credit in throwing Dille.

Silent Olsen (deaf) and Young Glasgow, Goodyear Champ, middle-weight, then gave an exhibition of wrestling. Neither of these fellows cared to risk anything at the show, as they are both professionals and have bouts on for the coming week. Olsen, however, proved himself to be the better wrestler by the ease with which he got out of the traps that Glasgow set for him.

The main bout of the evening was a six-round match between "Dummy West" and "Tony Brill." These two lads have met once before when Brill outpointed West, but it leaked out last night that the fight was to be a real go, as there was bad feeling between the two, and that they were going to settle it on the floor that night. Brill started off as if he intended to put Dummy to sleep in the first round and won the first three rounds, as West was wasting all of his blows on the air and not hurting anybody to all. West, however, took a turn for the better in the last three rounds and easily took them all three, time and again he would hammer Brill into a corner and nearly finish him, but each time he lacked the necessary punch to put over a haymaker. West packs a mighty wallop in either fist, and, if he would pay a little more attention to his training, he would be a first-class scrapper and be in the front ranks of his class. The fight was a good draw, but had West saved a few of the blows he wasted on the air for his opponent, he would have been an easy winner.

Silent Howard was the second for nearly all of the mutes, and gave the boxers some useful pointers on how to get their men. We hope that Howard will himself be in the final bout the next time that Goodyear puts on a show. He has a fight in Canton for Monday night, but most of us want to see him in action at a Goodyear show, with either Mullaney or O'Keefe.

In one of the fastest games ever seen in the Goodyear Co.'s new gymnasium, the boys from the Ohio School proceeded to show the lads from up New York way that they did not know the first thing about playing basket-ball, and trimmed their hair to the tune of 25 to 16.

Oh, Boy! It was some game. New York started off strong and soon took the breath away from the Ohio fans, as they had a lead of six points right after the first two minutes were played. But, lo! they were not slated for champions, so the Buckeye lads tied the score six all; then the score keeper had a merry time, rocking first one way and then the other, as the teams appeared about even from then until only about five minutes to play, it was sixteen all, but the things began to happen, Brown rang up two points and Seimensohn followed him with a foul, then came Weber, Dille and Williams in quick succession with one field goal apiece, and it was all off as far as New York was concerned.

Both teams were their toes throughout the contest and several difficult shots were made by Kapperman, Murphy and Weber, each of them ringing in a counter from past the center of the floor and drew the crowd to their feet each time.

The reason for the game being played, was because the New York lads weren't satisfied with the showing made by the Buffalo team here two weeks ago, so they decided to show Ohio how to play basket-ball, but it seems that the Ohio lads knew a little more about it than they did.

It's all over now however, and no ill feeling resulted from either team, so the boys are once more united one for all and all for Goodyear.

The Ohio lads gave us a surprise with their Yell after the game. It was a good yell and would do credit to the rooters of the Big Goodyear team.

Ohio 25	G	F	T
Brown, rf.	5	0	10
Seimensohn, lf.	3	1	7
Dille, c.	1	0	2
Weber, rg.	2	0	4
Williams, lg.	1	0	2
Total	12	1	25
New York 16	G	F	T
Kapp, rf.	2	1	5
Harr, lf.	1	0	2
Hinehey, c.	1	0	2
Murphy, rg.	2	0	4
No vak, lg.	1	0	2
Greene, lf.	0	1	1
Total	7	2	16

Referee Marshall of Gallaudet.

BEN. HUR.

THE CAPITAL DISTRICT.

ALBANY—SCHENECTADY—TROY.

Samuel McAllister, of Ilion, recently lost a brother, Richard, who died on March 15th. He was the first man in home town to enlist for service at the Mexican border, and six months after he was mustered out he re-entered for the European war. He had charge of a recruiting station for some time, and went to Camp Wadsworth, where he was injured during a bayonet practice. After two operations he was given an honorable discharge and returned home. He was soon promoted superintendent of Mechanicville Paper Box Company, where he had been employed for ten years prior to enlistment. Early last January he was compelled to resign this position on account of poor health. We extend our sympathy to Samuel.

Edward Klier, of Schenectady, whose unaccounted illness of a few months ago had not completely left him, had a serious relapse recently and was taken to Ellis Hospital, where a successful operation was performed, and he is now recovering his strenuous health. When the doctor forbade heavy foods, but permitted a few, including jams, the local Frats chipped in and presented him with more than a dozen jellies of various flavors and a flower plant. We all rejoice in his recovery—for he is a jolly good fellow everywhere and every time.

News, though happening long ago, is nevertheless news to those not informed. Last December Mr. Thure Carlman, of Troy, bought a raffle ticket for a two-bits, just to please a friend, and that was all he expected. As a \$100 Victrola amounted nothing to him. But his random venture gained him the prize. He saw that it amounted to something by selling it, but he decided to keep it for the pleasure of daughters and his grandchildren.

Mr. James Whitbeck, of Schenectady, despite is advanced age, has been a motorcycle fiend for years, and no accident could mar his fondness thereof. Last summer he lost control somehow and was hurled and rendered unconscious. A passing automobilist brought him nine miles to Ellis Hospital, where he was laid up for some time.

Again, last fall, having purchased a new outfit, with sidecar attachment, he set out for Boston. Somewhere beyond Worcester he met a worse accident, and has been in a hospital out there ever since through the aid of the pattern-makers' union of the locomotive shop in Schenectady. In this accident he was considerably bruised, one leg injured, two ribs broken, and his precious solitary front tooth vanished.

By the way, have you ever read with feeling a lyrical poem, "The Last Rose of Summer."

Rumor is going around hereabouts that Philip Morin, Esq., has purchased a small lot of farm land and a house thereon, on the State road between Albany and Schenectady, and will commute to the locomotive works, either by trolley or by a tin lizzie that makes a noise like a concrete mixer.

Several deaf-people in this district have been hard hit by protracted business depression, which began last December. The General Electric Company, at Schenectady, turned away employees, and retained only old hands of the pre-war status, with a few exceptions. The American Locomotive Company, in the same city, was compelled to close up on account of lack of orders, being beaten by underbidding in Philadelphia and other places, where wages are lower. Fortunately most of the deaf have bank accounts to draw from until something turns up. A like situation happened at the Remington Arms Co., Ilion, where most of the deaf were turned out, and many of them were unprepared for the rainy days. The armistice came too soon, they say.

In the Silent Worker recently Mr. A. L. Pach gave an interesting outline of John K. Cloud's lecture in Brooklyn, in which Mr. Cloud asserted that *mal de mer* was more due to mental stress than physical or bodily ill. It is very much my belief to be a fact. During my first trip across the "pond" to Bermuda, there were many "feeding the fishes." I pitied them, and "kidded" my newly-made friends. They warned me that I was liable

to it any time. However, I had faith in the mastery of psychological will and influence over physical ill in certain cases.

Until the second morning, I was absolutely unaffected and had no apprehension whatever. But then, with many *mal de mer* patients segregated on a part of the promenade deck, their long, dog-gone faces nodding weak greetings to me, and the pungent atmosphere pervading—some hadn't the speed to get to the railing before opening their mouth. I began to feel nauseatic. It was a case of contagion. Inside information warned me of a possible rebellion for a dash of liberty, as it were. I applied the aforesaid philosophy by going to the ship-cafe and grabbed a bottle of strong Belfast ginger ale, and promenaded stentiously, inhaling the embracing sea air (away from the *mal de mer* row) and thought and talked of anything but *mal de mer*, and escaped it.

On the next trip (at this time to the West Indies) the condition among the passengers was "as usual." A Dr. Ewald, of Seattle, a physician, but not then in practice, told me that I was very much immune from seasickness, basing his assertion upon an incident related to him by a friend physician. Some years ago the latter was sailing over to France, and in the ship were about twenty-five deaf people, who went through without a least case of seasickness, while the majority of the hearing people were affected. Taking this subject of study, he built up a theory that the sense of hearing contributed half of the effect, inasmuch as the continuous splashing of heavy waves against the ships tired out the sense of hearing of these unaccustomed to it, producing head-ache, which in turn unsettled the stomach. Upon this supposition, Dr. Ewald declared me to be immune.

But my enlightenment gave him another "think." The deaf are generally compensated for the loss of hearing by keener sense of feeling, so constant noises often unnerve us and give headaches. Then *mal de mer* is possible. I can correctly attribute seasickness to three collective causes, a little chill, a little headache and an unsettled stomach. Mental control and vigorous exercise will offset it.

It would have been a calamity had I believed in my absolute immunity and eaten nice thick pork chops and gravy thereof. The dinners on the ship were too palatable and too agreeable to my stomach to be surrendered to the denizens of the deep.

One thing that nobody can escape each voyage is sea-legs, and it takes some time to get back one's land pedestrianism.

F. E. W. M.

This "Deaf-Mute" Hears Judge

On a charge of asking charity while posing as a deaf-mute, a man who gave his name as John Ervelin, no home, was sentenced to thirty days today in the county jail, by Recorder Walter C. Ellis, in the East Orange Police Court. The prisoner admitted he was perfectly capable of working and that he had been making a livelihood in this manner for the last three weeks.—*Newark, N. J. News.*

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., every Sunday, 9 A. M. and 3 P. M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every Sunday, 3 P. M.

SOCIETY FOR THE WELFARE OF THE JEWISH DEAF

Office and Communal Center

40-42-44 West 115th Street

Albert J. Amateau, Rabbi and Executive Director.

PHILANTHROPIC, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES FOR THE WELFARE OF THE DEAF IN ALL ITS PHASES.

Divine Service Every Friday Night, 9 P. M.

COMING EVENTS

Friday, April 18th, 1919, at 9 P. M. Divine Service by Rabbi Amateau. Rabbi Joshua Hochstein will speak on: "The Jews in Spain."

Sunday, April 20th, 1919, at 3 P. M. sharp Dr. Thomas Francis Fox will lecture on: "What's the Use?" All welcome.

The baseball season is here. Are you thinking about joining the S. W. J. D. Baseball Team? You never can tell what you can do until you try. Come around and see Harry J. Goldberg about a position on the team.

Opportunity.

Outside the castle walls one cried for aid:
A page who dallied with a lute inside
Peered from the close-barred casement,
half-afraid—
"Fast by my lady's door I must abide,"
He said, while o'er the strings his fingers
strayed.
And sweetly chimed his young voice
with the lute,
"The windows here, you see, are straight
and high,
Yet fear not, friend, boldly to give thy cry,
If guards are deaf I wot thou art not
mute."

And then again the shout rang through the
air,
It came to knight and squire who sat
at play,
And one cursed at the warders, wondering
where
The quaffed their wine and drowled the
time away.
And then one of a princess' smile did
speak,
One told of what he had endured in
siege,
Another boasted of his sword and shield.
One tossed his dice and cried, "To none
I yield
In willingness to serve my king and
liege."

And yet once more that cry of bitter
need—
It pierced the inner closet of the king,
Who at the sound of anguish ran with
speed,
Leaving his graybeards at their council-
ing
Of war, and state, of church, and priest,
and creed,
And opened a gate, and drew the man
half-dead
Within the walls, "Had we but known,"
In sore dismay, "It was the prince's
call—"
"Ye knew it was a man's," the old
king said.
—*Youth's Companion.*

Where the Day Changes.

Longitude, you know, is the distance
around the earth from east to
west, and by common consent this
distance is reckoned from the
observatory at Greenwich, Eng-
land. The whole circumference of
the earth is reckoned as 360 de-
grees, the 180th degree, half way
round, being exactly on the
opposite side from Greenwich. So
that when we speak of a place being
75 degrees east we mean 75 degrees
east from Greenwich, and 75 degrees
west is 75 degrees west of Green-
wich. The point directly opposite
to Greenwich on the opposite side
of the earth, therefore, as 180 de-
grees east and also 180 degrees west.
Now, this point, or meridian, is
the place where, by universal con-
sent, the day changes, and it is called
the international date line.

Let us see how the change is
made, and note some of the curious
conditions that the change gives
rise to. Suppose two ships were
sailing toward that line, one sailing
east and the other sailing west. On
the ship sailing toward the east the
day is Sunday; on the ship sailing
toward the west the day is Monday.
Suppose, further, that it is 9 o'clock
in the morning and at that hour
both ships stop, one east of the line,
the other west of it, but within hal-
ling distance of each other. It is
9 o'clock in the morning as indicat-
ed by the sun, but on one ship it is
Sunday, on the other it is Monday,
for the day of the week and the day
of the month both change at that
time.

Then the ships sail on, and the
instant they cross the date line, the
one going west changes the day from
Sunday to Monday and the one go-
ing east changes the day Monday to
Sunday, so that the first ship loses a
whole day and the last ship gains
one.—*Duluth News.*

A Wonder Clock.

It is reported that in the office of
a gentleman at Camp Hill, Carlisle,
Pennsylvania, there is a piece of
machinery that is operated entirely
by electrical forces drawn from
Mother Earth—a clock that never
ceases to run. The clock, it ap-
pears, has been in continuous opera-
tion since the year 1870, with the
exception of a short period involved
in its transfer to several different
localities. In the '60s the gentle-
man's father conceived the idea of
a perfect clock operating under the
guidance of latent electrical forces
in the earth.

Time has shown, it is contended,
that the inventor has more nearly
approached "perpetual motion"
than any other inventor. On his
time-piece, which stands about six
feet in height; the 45 pound pendu-
lum is the motor. It is suspended
on an angled pivot of hardened steel
and operated by an ordinary mag-
net, the wire of which runs into the
ground, the earth becoming the bat-
tery feeding the electro magnet.
The inventor confidently stated that
his clock would run for hundreds of
years before any part would need
to be renewed.

In making the clock ready for
work, it is necessary to dig a hole in
the earth about three feet in
diameter and six feet in depth.
Metal plates are placed in the hole
with sufficient coke to hold moisture,
and the timepiece can be so set
that it will not gain or lose two sec-
onds in a year.—*Philadelphia Re-*

Anyone can carry his burden how-
ever heavy, till nightfall. Anyone
can do his work, however hard, for
one day. Anyone can live sweetly,
patiently, lovingly, purely, till the
sun goes down, and that is all that
life ever really means.—*Robert Louis*
Stevenson.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR
THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3525 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday,
10:30 A.M., Third Sunday, 3:00
P.M.

Morning Prayer—Third Sunday,
10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday ex-
cept the third, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15
P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every
Thursday evening after 7:30
o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thurs-
day afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each
month, 8 P.M.

RUSSIA

a thrilling Lecture by

ALBERT V. BALLIN

Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf

AT TEMPLE ISRAEL
Lenox Ave. and 120th Street

Sunday Evening, April 27, 1919
at 8:30 o'clock

The lecture will be started with a ren-
dition in signs of the MARSEILLAISE, as-
sisted by two young ladies.

Admission, 15 Cents

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Roosevelt Hall, 5th floor
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for production work in the rubber
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40, weighing 140 pounds or more.
No previous experience necessary.

While learning, we pay you 37½
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one to six weeks, after which you
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We now employ 450 mutes and
maintain a clubhouse and encourage
athletics and offer educational ad-
vantages free of charge.

Physical examination principally of
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under auspices of

Greater New York Division, No. 23

N. F. S. D.

At DEXTER PARK

JAMAICA AVE. At ELDERT ST.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

On Saturday, August 30, 1919

FULL DETAILS OF THE PROGRAM WILL BE ANNOUNCED
LATER.

COMMITTEE

J. BOHLMAN, Chairman

A. BERG H. LEIBSOHN
W. SHERIDAN B. SILVERMOND

Direction to the Park: Take Lexington Ave. "L" marked "Jamaica" at the
Brooklyn Bridge, or under the Municipal Building, to th Eldert St. (76th St.) station.

PROGRAMME OF

D. M. U. L.

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Sat. Eve., April 26, 1919

At 8 o'clock

"Victory Carnival"

AND

Whist Tournament

In fancy dress

MASKS NOT PERMITTED

ADMISSION FIFTY CENTS

Including prizes and refreshments.

Sat. Eve., May 31, 1919

at 8 o'clock

"Potato Social"

LET US ALL GO

WHIST

AND

VICTORY
DANCE

XAVIER EPHPHETA SOCIETY

Rev. Thomas F. White, S. J., Moderator

AT XAVIER SCHOOL HALL
122-127 West 17th St., 6th and 7th Avenues.

Decoration Day Evening.
Thursday, May 29th,
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One, Two, Three, and a Booby
PRIZE FOR THE WHIST GAME.

ONE-STEP DANCING CONTEST

Open to partners comprising one deaf and
one hearing person.

REFRESHMENTS AT COST

TICKETS, EACH 35 CENTS

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ONLY ONE SCENE GUARANTEED!!!

THE V. B. C. A. A.

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Admission 35 cents.

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VICTORY and PEACE
FANCY DRESS BALL
—OF THE—
NEWARK DIVISION, No. 42
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf
—AT THE—
THE KRUEGER AUDITORIUM
15-27 BELMONT AVENUE
Newark, New Jersey
Saturday, April 26, 1919
Music by Prof. F. Voss

TICKETS, (including wardrobe) 50 CENTS

About fifteen valuable and handsome
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Tube, and get off at the Hall.

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GRAND
Fancy Dress Ball
—OF THE—
H. C. D.
(Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf)
—AT THE—
NEW YORKVILLE CASINO
210 East 86th Street, near 3d Avenue
SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 17, 1919
MUSIC BY PROF. SWEYD
Fifty valuable prizes will be awarded to the winners
ADMISSION 50 CENTS

INDOOR CIRCUS

AT

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Saturday Evening, May 24th.

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR PROGRAM ANNOUNCEMENT.

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UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Association
(New York's Foremost Athletic Club for the Deaf)

—AT—
ULMER PARK

Saturday, August 9, 1919

COMPETITIVE GAMES FOR VALUABLE TROPHIES AND
PRIZES. DETAILS AND PROGRAM WILL BE AN-
NOUNCED LATER.

IRVING BLUMENTHAL, Chairman.

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New York Council No. 2

Knights of De l'Epee

ULMER PARK
ATHLETIC FIELD

Saturday, July 12, 1919

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Special rates to our deaf
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Then let me help you get a policy in the
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It will cost you nothing to find out.

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The object of the Society is the social,
recreative, and intellectual advancement
of its members. Stated meetings are held
on the second and fourth Thursdays
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social recreation Tuesday and Thursday
evenings, Saturday and Sunday after-
noons and evenings, and also on holidays.
Visitors, coming from a distance of over
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under the auspices of the

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One block from Broadway and Myrtle Ave.
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Strawberry Festival:
Saturday, June 22, 1919

Nation. Association for
the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 19, 1905.
An Organization for the Welfare
of all the Deaf

OBJECTS

To educate the public as to the Deaf;
To advance the intellectual, profession
and industrial status of the Deaf;
To aid in the establishment of Employ-
ment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State
and National Departments of Labor;
To oppose the unjust application of
liability laws in the case of Deaf workers;
To combat unjust discrimination against
the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines
of employment;
To co-operate in the improvement, develop-
ment and extension of educational facilities
for deaf children;
To encourage the use of the most approved
and successful methods of instruction in
schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such
methods to the needs of individual pupils,
and to oppose the indiscriminate applica-
tion of any single method to all;
To seek the enactment of stringent laws
for the suppression of the impostor evil—
hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;
To raise an endowment fund—the income
of which is to be devoted to furthering the
objects of the Association;
To erect a national memorial to Charles
Michael De l'Epee—the universal benefactor
of the Deaf.

MEMBERSHIP

Regular Members: Deaf Citizens of the
United States;
Associate Members: Deaf persons not
citizens of the United States and Hearing
Persons interested in the welfare of the
Deaf.

FEES AND DUES

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50
Cents. Life membership, \$25 paid into the
Endowment Fund at one time. All Official
Publications free to members.
Official Organ: THE NAD
Every deaf citizen and all others inter-
ested in the advancement of the Deaf along
educational and industrial lines are urged
to join the Association and co-operate
financially and otherwise in promoting its
objects.
Life memberships, donations and be-
quests towards the increase of the Endow-
ment fund are especially needed and
earnestly solicited to the end that per-
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experts, may be maintained for the more
efficient and vigorous prosecution of the
work of the Association.

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